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BOOK ON

THE WAY TO DANCE



OR DANCING WITHOUT
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Way Down Yonder in the Cornfield

ALABAMA

Parody—by Fred Stein.

Now I never can forget the boarding house where I once eat,
A more worse place like dot it can't be found;
Mrs. Murphy she got sore, I refused to stay any more,
So I packed my trunk and quickly left the town.
Now one day the old bow died, we got cow meat cooked and fried,
When the pig died, we got pork both night and day, [day,
Strange things happen so they say, a strange thing happened the next
Mrs. Murphy died and then I moved away.

CHORUS.

I have never once forgotten the meals that were so rotten,
We got turkey stuffed with cotton, how terrible we did feel;
In our ears it kept a-clinging, that old supper bell a-ringing,
Then the boarders started singing, go way back yonder and
get some corn meal.

Of that house I got enough, it was run upon a bluff,
The eating, as I said, was on the bum,
The apple pie it was a peach, the short cake would never reach,
The peach pie was immense, (a mince) and that's no fun;
Now I never can forget, the only meat that we would get.
We got liver until once I got the chills,
We got liver every way, we got liver night and day,
For desert they served us Carters Liver Pills.

The Mansion of Aching Hearts

Hebrew Parody—by Fred Stein.

The theater was crowded, the show just commenced, a girl she came out
on the stage,
She first sang a song of "Maggie Mahon," then the "Bird in a gilded cage"
"The mansion of aching hearts" was the next song, in, oh, such a funny
way;
Mr. Cohn, you know, who was in the front row, to a friend who was
with him did say:

CHORUS.

I heard of a mansion of every kind, but never of one like that,
I heard of a brown stone tenement house, I heard of a fine Harlem flat.
I never could mention the mansions I know, I'd have to go back to the
start, [ing hearts.
The name it sounds queer, and I never did hear, of the mansion of ach-

Mr. Cohn he went home, to his wife he then said, now Rachel please
listen to me, [see,
I wish you would look in the directory book, and tell me now if you can
I'd like, just for fun, to know where that place is, the mansion I heard
of to-day,
But she said she can't find no place of the kind, to her husband these
words she then said:

Loo Loo oo Loo Loo, or, My Dusky Loo

Hebrew Parody—by Fred Stein.

In a little hall there was a ball, it was run by an Irishman,
A sign by the door everybody saw, only Irish can get in;
Mr. Patenstein, said I'll fix up fine, to the ball I'm going to go,
He got in the place, they seen his face, started to sing, you know

CHORUS.

You're a Jew, oo oo oo oo oo, oh, you're a Jew,
Now we're going to do you, that's what we'll do, just now with you,
Now you thought that you would fool us, it didn't work,
Now we'll make a bum of you, 'cause you're a Jew, oo oo oo oo.

Patenstein said no, just give me a show, I will prove that you are wrong,
My name it is Pat, do you believe that, then he sang an Irish song;
They were all confused, the Jew looked amused, for he thought he had
them dead.
They looked at his clothes, then at his nose, and once more they then
said:

Bessie, My Right Hand Bower

Hebrew Parody—by Fred Stein.

Abraham Samson to a friend one evening said,
I got three daughters and they live alone,
I would like if I could get them married,
Now there's a lovely chance for you now, Cohn,
I will give one thousand each, that's when they marry—
Three finer girls, I'm sure, you couldn't find.
If you miss this chance, I'm sure you will feel sorry,
Now answer quick and don't loose any time.

CHORUS.

Beckie she is a wonder, Essie, is a peach, by thunder,
Rachel, the third one, is out of sight;
Three finer ladies can't be found, if you search this world five times
One thousand each for Essie, Ray and Beckie. [around,

Mr. Cohn then said, now look here, Mr. Samson,
I fully understand just what you mean,
With three daughters on your hand it ain't no picnic,
Things now ain't just exactly what they seem;
Now you're a business man, and out for business,
I know you'll say the same thing about me,
For one thousand each, if you have no objections,
I'd just as leave as not marry the three, because:

ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Hebrew Parody—by Fred Stein.

Isidor owned a store down in Baxter street,
He felt sad, trade was bad, for over a week;
It was queer, an idea came into his head,
I'll keep open on Sunday, the day they call fun day, to his
friends he then said:

CHORUS.

On a Sunday afternoon, in September, May or June,
Take a trolley car to my store down in the bay,
And see the clothes I almost give away;
On a Sunday afternoon, it's because I need the room,
If you work on a week day and want clothes in a cheap way,
Call Sunday afternoon.

One fine day, here last May, in the store came a bum,
Tried on a sack, I turned my back, he commenced to run;
Cop seen him scoot, said, I'll shoot, it's the only chance,
For God sake aim fine, the coat it is mine, shoot him in the pants.

BACK TO THE WOODS

Hebrew Parody—by Fred Stein.

Mr. Woods one day to a friend did say,
I am hard up and I need some dough;
He fired his servants, then he fired his house,
Said it's the only way, you know;
The engines came flying up to the door,
Such excitement like that you never saw;
Mr. Woods through the crowd he quickly pushed his way,
It's a lovely fire he did say;
A fireman who was standing near,
Said come on now you must move from here,
He said that's my house, and I wan't move away,
He hit him with the hose, and then did say:

CHORUS.

Back, back, back, Mr. Wood, back, back, it's for your own good,
You said enough, don't chuck any bluff, if you get fresh I will handle you
Woods said just listen to me, I'm sure you can plainly see, [ruff,
You wouldn't be here, if it wasn't for me, so back to the fire with you.

Abraham at one time thought that he could act fine,
Some one told him he was loosing time;
He went on the stage, to be right in line,
Said I will make money never mind.
He got a date one evening to give a show,
How he got home alive, I don't know,
He came on the stage in a usual way,
Just then the music commenced to play;
He gazed around in a funny way,
Was about to start his little say,
Before he got a chance to say a word,
All over the house this is what was heard:

CHORUS.

Back, back, back to the woods, back, back, you're got second handed
goods;
You're doing fine, and we're awful kind, we'll give you a house, one
brick at a time;
Back, back as far as you like, back, back, don't dare come back to-night,
You've got a gall to come out at all, back to the woods, you Jew.

Stay in Your Own Back Yard

Hebrew Parody—by Fred Stein.

Goldstein and Levinsky they were friends for twenty years,
Goldstein had a son whose name was Ike,
Levinsky had a boy too, and would call him Jake,
But Ike and Jake they would always fight.
One day Jake he went out to play in the back yard,
He met Ike standing on his side,
He told him to get out, then he commenced to shout,
Levinsky from the window cried:

CHORUS.

Goldstein stay in your own back yard and don't come into mine,
It serves you right, if you get into a fight—what you're looking for all
the time.
I'll make for you a nice black eye, and punch your nose good and hard,
Now you sheeney on your own side, and stay in your own back yard.

Mr. Goldstein he then quickly run out into the back yard,
Levinsky he came running down there too;
Goldstein pushed Levinsky in the face and said to him,
What any way is the matter now with you?
Levinsky then called Goldstein, and they started in to fight,
He punched his nose and tore his clothes as well;
As on the ground he lay and Levinsky walked away,
Goldstein was sure he heard him yell:

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**HEBREW**BY FRED STEIN
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY WEHMAN BROS.**PARODIES.****ON A SATURDAY NIGHT**

Hebrew Parody—by Fred Stein.

Just a week ago I took a walk, on a Saturday night,
To a fellow I started to talk, he commenced to fight;
For nothing at all he gave me a blue eye,
And a knock on the kishkers, I thought I would die,
I fell down unconscious, and that ain't no lie, on a Saturday night.

CHORUS.

On a Saturday night, I'll never forget that night,
He emptied my pockets of everything,
Took my gold watch and chain and my diamond ring,
On a Saturday night, lovely Saturday night.
The whole day long Sunday and even on Monday,
I dreamed of Saturday night.

To a station house I was then brought, on a Saturday night,
The cop said a burglar I caught, on a Saturday night;
The judge said, your name, and I said it is Cohn,
Your pedigree now, I said I left it home,
I explained to the judge, and he left me alone, on a Saturday night.

CHORUS.

On a Saturday night I went home to my wife,
I looked as if I was out for fun,
My clothes were all torn and I looked on the bum,
I said I was in a fight, she said it serves you right,
I now stay at home with my wife Berkie Cohn,
On a Saturday night.

Who's Your Friend?

Hebrew Parody—by Fred Stein.

Sam Levy here, last evening, went out for a walk,
He met a girl, he thought she was a dream,
He asked her to go walking, she said I don't mind,
She was the finest girl he ever seen.
He started with the lady walking down the street,
Expecting a fine evening to spend,
Just then who does he spy, but his wife who's passing by,
She stops him and loudly cries, who's your friend?

CHORUS.

Tell me, now tell me, who's your friend,
Levy, now believe me, this now must end;
I see now where all your time you spend,
Tell me, I demand of you, tell me who's your friend.

Poor Levy stood in silence, was afraid to talk,
He was in a fix you could plainly see;
His wife looked at this woman, she looked at his wife,
Then said to him, now, Sam, come home with me.
The poor girl couldn't see it, and thought it was a joke,
She said now tell me, and I won't offend,
Tell me before we go, I am anxious now to know,
And pointing to his wife said, who's your friend?

MY CASTLE ON THE NILE

Hebrew Parody—by Fred Stein.

I met a friend here the other day named Rosenblots,
He told me my rich uncle he had died;
He was a real estate man and he left me lots,
To tell the truth, I think this fellow lied.
I found it was quite true, he left me fifteen thousand clear,
It's a shame to take the money, don't you know;
I tell you now, I don't care how strange it may appear,
I will a dozen houses in a row.

CHORUS.

In my castle there on Castle Square,
I'll live in a castle built in the air;
I'll treat the friends I know, so fine,
I'll give them ge-filter, fish and wine;
I'll run a regular theater there,
I'll have the Castle Opera Company there;
I'll have people talking everywhere
About my castle on Castle Square.

Abraham Brown was riding uptown on a trolley car,
He met a friend of his who's name was Kraus;
Brown said you didn't hear of all the money I made,
And also that I bought a lovely house.
Then Kraus said no, I'd like to know,
Now will you tell me all about the lots of money that you made,
I made ten thousand dollars in a policy last week,
And then to Kraus these words are what he said:

CHORUS.

I got a house like a castle in Bayard Street,
The finest place, it can't be beat;
I got fifteen servants at the door,
Such a thing like that you never saw.
I tell you the place is fixed up neat,
It ain't no lie, it can't be beat;
The conductor came that way and to Brown he did say,
Smoking on the four rear seats.

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JENNIE LEE

Parody—by Fred Stein.

I had a horse I named Jennie Lee,
I bought her from the car company;
To try and make some dough,
I thought that I would go
Enter her in a race, don't you see.
The race it was to come off the next day,
Bet one hundred with a friend across the way,
I tell you I got stuck,
I always got hard luck,
I lost all I ever had on Jennie Lee.

CHORUS.

Jennie Lee, oh Jennie Lee,
The gong when it rang twice,
Oh that car horse run so nice;
I thought I won, but the going rang one,
And the car horse stopped—I lost on Jennie Lee.

I was married to a girl named Jennie Lee,
I nearly died when she came home with me,
She was a sight to see, a real curiosity—
I am sorry that I met Jennie Lee;
I was surprised when her false hair I did see,
With her bum glass eye she tried to wink at me,
When she took off her cork leg,
I was taken down a peg;
She said with all my faults (false) you'll still love me.

CHORUS.

Jennie Lee, oh, holy gee,
I tell you pretty soon,
She was all around the room;
I felt sore, she was half on the floor,
She played in many parts, poor Jennie Lee.

Phrenologist Coon

Hebrew Parody—by Fred Stein.

Of all the men of great history, there's one who is a mystery,
The finest that ever is.
He is a fine fellow, a regular fortune teller,
It is a wonderful biz.
He can tell you what you are, just by feeling on your nose,
He can tell you who you are, just by looking at your clothes;
I would give one thousand dollars if I could be like him,
I know I would make money, I'd be right in the swim.

CHORUS.

I would like to be what they call a phrenologist man,
And know what's going to happen, do you understand;
If I knew ahead of time, about a fire in my store,
I would insure it then, for a thousand more,
I would like to be what they call a phrenologist man.

I've a friend named Silverbaum, the finest man in all the town
He's as foxey as can be;
The other day to him I spoke, I'll tell the truth it ain't no joke,
Some funny things he told me.
He can tell what's going to happen before it really does,
He's a regular Prof. Herman, I think that's what he was,
He told me something funny, just as sure as I'm a liar,
He said next Wednesday morning in his house would be a fire.

He Died On the Fighting Line

Hebrew Parody—by Fred Stein.

Just a message to Rebecca, from her husband's friend one day,
Telling how two Irish loafers in Chicago far away,
While some clothing he was selling, in a lonely street one night,
He called one of them an Irishman, and now he's out of sight.

CHORUS.

Just a message to Rebecca, your husband no longer is,
He said something that he shouldn't, and they put him out of biz;
To his neck they tied a clothes line, he was kicking all the time,
His last words were: "Please tell Rebecca I died tied to a clothes line."

I will tell you something funny, and with me you will agree,
How some people they make money, but not for you or me;
We will take McCoy or Corbett, two real fighters, so they say,
They made their fame, they got a fighting name, they don't fight no more to-day.

CHORUS.

Just a word about our fighters, when they win a fight or two,
Open a saloon here in the city, that's just what they do;
Some go on the stage as actors, making a bit quite fine,
They are telling all the people now, the 're tired of the fighting line.

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I'LL BE WITH YOU WHEN THE ROSES BLOOM AGAIN

Parody—by M. Serating.

Listen, Issy, I will tell you of a man whom I know well,
He was a customer pedler not long ago,
Now he's got a great big business, lots of dry goods he does sell,
And in the bank he has a lot of dough.
I tell you he's a real wonder, without a failure to his name,
Pays his creditors, and makes money just the same;
I know soon I will be dying and for you my heart is crying,
Come, my son, tell me what is your future game.

CHORUS.

An actor has only a reputation,
And sometimes he gets a little money, too,
Like a flower in the month of May,
He lives a short time and passes away,
Don't be an actor, promise me, oh Issy, do.

Father, I am going to tell you exactly what I will be,
I will open up a pawn shop, don't you see;
Then I will go and get married, and build up a small family,
So I won't have big expenses to worry me.
If the business is a failure, then a clothing store I'll try,
Don't forget, I'm as smart as you used to be.
But don't say your heart is crying, and that soon you're going to die,
And I'll promise that no more you'll say to me:

Rip Van Winkle Was a Lucky Man

Parody—by Sim Rosenfeld.

You can't say Rip Van Winkle slept in jail for twenty years,
For imposing on the Sunday law, by slinging lager beers;
Why did he sleep? because it's cheap.
Rip's bowels got froze, machine stopped work for one day and a night,
He said he'd ask the subway board for a little dynamite,
They say the match trade is so very light.

CHORUS.

Rip Van Winkle was a lucky man, Rip Van Winkle made a will;
He never heard of Cascarets, or Carters Liver Pills—how lucky;
Rip Van Winkle wasn't very bright, Sapolio was not his plan;
If he smoked a little opium, he'd wake up a regular dopium, Rip Van Winkle was a lucky man.

He never heard of Croker, lose his dough on a foreign track,
Or go to war for Uncle Sam, and feed on all hard tack,
He still was free from such luxury.
He never heard of Anna Held, who played in "Papa's Wife,"
Or read of Carrie Nation make saloon men close with strife,
Grand Central is the quickest road to h—ll.

CHORUS.

Rip Van Winkle was a lucky man, Rip Van Winkle slept so well,
He never sung "Central give me Heaven," and your wife then gives you
Rip Van Winkle was a lucky man, deny it if you can, [h—l, how lucky,
If he was an opera lover, I'm quite certain he'd recover, Rip Van Winkle was a lucky man.

He's never been to Coney just to have a dreamy speal,
See Irish midway dances, and eat hot dogs that would squeal,
Oh, he was free from humbugery.
He never saw two stale rolls fight trying to get fresh,
And see the ladies powder up, and think they have fair flesh,
Unedea is a cracker of a joke.

CHORUS.

Rip Van Winkle was a lucky man, was queer that Rippy didn't rust,
If he lived swell like we do nowadays, I'm quite sure he would bust, how
Rip Van Winkle knew a thing or two, real fortunate a man, [lucky,
He never saw a maiden down at Coney Island bathing, Rip Van Winkle was a lucky man.

Good-Bye Dolly Cray

Parody—by George Edgin, Pittsburghs Premier Parodist.

In the newspapers some time ago you read,
Of how the Biddle boys broke jail and fled,
And the wardens wife, they say, helped them both to get away,
While her hubby he did lay asleep in bed,
When the keepers woke him up in the morn,
Is it any wonder that he felt forlorn,
For on the table was a note, that his false wife madly wrote,
And to you I'll try to quote what she did say:

CHORUS.

Good-bye, Peter, I must leave you, with the Biddles I shall go,
Your too easy as a hubby, there are many things you don't know;
With my Eddie I am going, I am tired of staying here,
We leave early in the morning, good-bye, Peter, dear.

THE HOLY CITY

Parody—by George Edgin, Pittsburghs Premier Parodist.

Last night while strolling down the street, I saw a maiden fair,
She had blue eyes and rosy cheeks and lovely golden hair;
She held her skirts up daintily, and I could barely trace
An ankle, neat and slender, showing just beneath the lace,
I thought 'twas on her underskirt, till I heard a newsboy shout:

CHORUS.

She's loosin' them, she's loosin' them,
This kid yelled with all his might;
All the people on the corner
Turned quickly to see the sight.

GO WAY BACK AND SIT DOWN

Parody—by George Edgin, Pittsburghs Premier Parodist.

A man named Smith, for a birthday gift, gave a party to his boy,
He's six years old, but tough and bold, still he's his fathers joy;
This kind old gent wrote and sent invitations far and near,
To his old chums, who were mostly bums, and came just for the beer.
Now this young kid went and did something mighty rude,
In a chair a pin he stuck in, and let the end protrude:
A big coon came, Jones by name, who is a roustabout,
In the chair he plumped himself, then jumped up in the air to shout:

CHORUS.

Look out there fellers, don't sit down,
Then this coon started feelin' around;
In about two seconds he found the pin,
To tell the truth, 'twas half way in,
He's sorry now that he sit down.

JUST BECAUSE SHE MADE THEM GOO GOO EYES

Parody—by George Edgin, Pittsburghs Premier Parodist.

You've heard about the minstrel man, who sat upon the end,
And about the maid in the bald head row, who had heaps of gold to spend
And how she made them goo goo eyes.
But I have a tale of another maid, who'll never be a bride;
She has trouble with her goo goo's, cause one eye is on the side;
She weeps and moans and sadly cries.

CHORUS.

Just because she can't make goo goo eyes,
The tears run down her back whenever she cries;
This maid sad and forlorn, wishes she'd ne'er been born,
Just because she can't make goo goo eyes.

Any Old Place I Can Hang My Hat Is Home SWEET HOME TO ME

Parody—by Chris Lane.

'Twas fourth of July at a country fair, a man in a balloon,
He was to go up through the clouds, and encircle around the moon,
But when he got up about ten miles, the gas from the balloon went out,
As he came down without the parachute, he was heard very loudly to shout:

CHORUS.

I ain't got no feather bed to land on when I fall;
I might dive in the river, or land on the town hall.
All bets are off if I ever land on a house top or a tree;
Any old haystack I land on, is home, sweet home to me.

A tale I'll tell you of a tramp, who never worked a stroke;
He never paid a railroad fare, and took life as a joke.
All barber shops were off his list, his nose was carmine red,
All I want is a friendly back door, and a nice big hand-out, he said.

CHORUS.

I don't stop in swell hotels, where I register; no thanks;
My boudoir is a big box car, my name on water tanks.
Give me but a big barroom, where the lunch is warm and free;
Any saloon that I can hang up, is home, sweet home, to me.

My brother Bill to Texas went, it breaks my heart to say,
Some cowboys caught him dead to rights, with a neighbors horse one day.
The vigilance committee got him and put a rope over his head,
Before they gave him the loop the loop, my poor brother Bill he said:

CHORUS.

I ain't got no particular spot to hang on when I swing,
You told me I could have my choice—I only ask one thing.
I want to be hung to a gooseberry bush, for I know what my finish
Any old tree you hang me to, is home, sweet home, to me. [will be.

Ain't That a Shame

Parody—by Chris Lane.

A man named Dan McKay into the country went one day,
He saw a parrot in a tree from home had flown away,
So Dan did say it's mine, hooray!
Now there's the prettiest bird I've ever seen or heard,
I can tell by its green color it must be an Irish bird,
So he started to climb, singing you'll be mine.

CHORUS.

Ain't that a shame, Dan did exclaim,
I wonder what's its name, and if it's tame;
But the parrot only said, now what do you want? get out you Turk.
Said Dan, excuse me, sir, I thought you were a bird.

In a newspaper I read an article which said,
Both legs cut off below the knees;
I near fell in a trance, and found by chance 'twas a pair of pants.
The next that caught my eye, sure it made her laugh and cry.
'Twas, lost a shoe from the foot of a street, believe her that she lie
And by and by, another caught my eye.

CHORUS.

Ain't that a shame, found dead in bed,
With his brains knocked out, a bed bug it said,
And another little ad, a piano for sale as cheap as eggs,
By a rich young lady, with mohogany legs.

How To Build Muscle—How To Box To Win, by James J. Corbett and
Terry McGovern. Fully Illustrated. Price, 25 Cents.

PARODIES.

Ain't Dat a Shame?

Parody—by Harry J. Breen.

I bought a nice big sofa, put it in my front room,
But I caught my salesman and my wife making love on it quite soon.
I felt quite blue, I am a hard luck Jew, whenever I'd go out to my great
They'd sit upon the sofa and start to make goo goo eyes. [surprise]
I felt bad of course, I don't want a divorce,
I don't want to lose my salesman for he makes me lots of dough,
But if things keep on the way they are, out of my head I'll go.
I must stop quick for it makes me sick.

CHORUS.

Ain't dat a shame, a regular shame,
But I'll fix that fellow and his little game,
(I won't have a bit of pity).
I'll fix that loafer, I'll sell the sofa,
That's all I can do with him, ain't that a shame.

Oh! Mister Dingy

Parody—by Ed. Daly.

My father and I we had such a fight,
Just a week ago to-day, it was a sight,
He said, my son Ikey, why are you so sad,
Father how can I feel glad.
Now Ikey don't you cry, go and wipe your eye,
Everywhere I go I'm a holy show,
When I walk along the street, some friends I happen to meet,
They say I am a disgrace to my own race.

CHORUS.

Oh! what a face, such a disgrace,
To have you Ikey, in the Hebrew race,
I'm not to blame, I really feel ashamed,
Because my father gave me such a face.

Mr. Cohen and his son opened a clothing store,
It was right along the line in the bay,
He kept clothing that had been worn before;
He told his son Ikey about a sale the other day,
What do you think of that nigger a-came in here,
I gave him a pair of pants instead of a coat,
The next day he came back, and said don't fear,
Then Cohen heard that nigger say so loud:

CHORUS.

Give me my money, don't think yourself so funny,
By giving me a coat instead of a pair of pants.
Cohen he did say, now nigger you better go away,
Or Ikey, my son Ikey, will put you out.

MAMIE

Parody—by Harry J. Breen.

Mamie when a baby put ten cents in her mouth,
Mamie swallowed it, she's ten in and ten out;
She ran for a doctor, for the doctor quick,
She ran for a doctor, for she was feeling sick,
The doctor said I'll treat you, Mamie said, oh, dear,
If you care to treat me, I'll take a pint of beer.
He worked with her an hour, done all that he could do,
She only swallowed ten cents but he made her cough up two.

CHORUS.

Oh! oh! oh! oh! Mamie, isn't it a shame,
Has your mother any more at home like you?
Really you're a wonder, very fond of plunder,
Full of laughter, but a grafter, Mamie.

Mamie's mother took her down upon a farm,
Mamie's mother said 'twould keep her out of harm,
One day it was raining, Mamie, oh, bosh,
I must go out in the rain, I'll wear my mackintosh.
When the rain was over, she hung it on a fence,
But a bad cow came along now trouble did commence.
She started in to eat the coat, she thought that it was silk,
Mamie said, oh, mother, now we'll have water-proof milk.

COON, COON, COON

Parody—by Ed. Daly.

I thought I had a patent for bleaching ladies hair,
I invested all my money, and I says I wouldn't care,
A little box of matches and a bottle of karecene,
I charged for that a quarter, and I thought it was a great skeme,
It was a simple way to use it, my directions was a fake,
One girl she burnt her hair off, but I said she made a mistake;
A bunch one day near lynched me, they said they'd break my bones,
When friends will ask how they got bald, they'll say through Cohen.

CHORUS.

Cohen, Cohen, Cohen, I wish that sucker would croak,
Cohen, Cohen, Cohen, that was a yiddisher joke,
Cohen, Cohen, Cohen, all day and night I moan,
And now I wear a false wig account of that Cohen, Cohen, Cohen.

Next week I got a summons to come and see the judge,
For that I felt so shaky, but I wouldn't make a budge,
The clerk soon called my name up, Cohen before the bar,
He says now you're de mug that ruined these people like they are.
He says that I'm a swindler, and things like that ain't fair,
I answered back, karecene on a head, lit, makes light hair,
He says dot's right, I discharge Cohen: then I had them bughoused for
And they got their monkeys up and said the judge ain't fair. [fair,

GO WAY BACK AND SIT DOWN

Parody—by Harry J. Breen.

Old Abe Cohn runs and owns a liquor store on Christie Street;
There's a guy hangs round his name was Michael Brown, he's always
looking for a treat;
Now Abe knew that no coin he blew when he came into the store,
So he wrote out a sign, it read this store ain't mine, and he hung it on
the door.
About six o'clock there came a knock, and Michael Brown came in,
He was drunk of course, and he asked for the boss, he wanted to get
some gin. [store,
But Abe, he cried, the boss ain't here, beside I don't know who owns the
Mike says if that's true it don't belong to you, and then began to roar:

CHORUS.

Go way back and sit down,
I'll take charge when the boss ain't around,
Abe then said I own the whole store,
Michael just showed him the sign on the door,
And said go way back and sit down.

ANNIE MOORE

Parody—by Harry J. Breen.

I went to Brighton Beach in a big trolley car,
And, oh, what a bunch I met there;
I stood round for a while with a suit in my hands,
For a bathing house looked everywhere.
Then I knocked at a door I had not knocked at before,
When a fat lady yelled "go away,"
She gave the door a pull and said, "this house is full,"
And then in a sweet voice to her I did say:

CHORUS.

Annie Moore, oh, Annie Moore,
Please tell me won't you let in any more?
She said, I can, but not a man,
There's five now and I can't let in any more.

Good-Bye Dolly Cray

Parody—by Harry J. Breen.

I once courted an old girl named Dolly Gray,
A grass widow twice now she's a bale of hay;
When married she took off her hair,
Put her false teeth on a chair.
Then her cork leg she threw there, did Dolly Gray,
Oh, I said, there's something missing, Dolly Gray,
You are here with me but still you are away,
It is very plain to see that you have been false to me,
And I think it's time to flee, Dolly Gray.

CHORUS.

Good-bye Dolly I must leave you, though it breaks my heart to go,
Something tells me it will grieve you because I love you so;
'Twas all right when you took out your teeth and your hair you threw
But that cork leg was the finish, good-bye Dolly Gray. [away,

One day my darlin' wife she came to me,
She said I am dead, 'ke it is plain to see,
And the rent is due to-day, I said can't we move away,
We have got no dough to pay, Dolly Gray.
Then I thought of her cork leg and to her quickly said,
Can't we sell the cork and stay awhile instead;
I thought it was quite a trick
She would have no chance to kick,
But she proved to be too slick did Dolly Gray.

CHORUS.

Good-bye Dolly I must leave you, though it breaks my heart to go,
Something tells me I am needed in the boarding house below;
You can get a job in Dennet's when I go away,
With your cork leg mash potatoes, good-bye Dolly Gray.

BEN BOLT

Parody—by Barney Horan.

Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice with hair so red;
Who would smile with delight if you told her a joke,
And for fun she would stand on her head;
In the old coal yard in the alley Ben Bolt,
In a corner she stood all alone,
With a smile on her face and a tear in her eye,
Now sweet Alice lies under the stone.

Do you remember the day when she first went to school,
Along with her big brother Mike,
And the teacher says, "Alice, now you take your seat,"
And she say, "I'll take your watch before night."
Oh, she then put her feet on the top of the desk,
For she wore very large two's,
And the teacher says, "Alice, where you got your feet?"
And she answered, "Please, ma'am in my shoes."

Do you remember the farm in the country, Ben Bolt,
Where sweet Alice had seen better days;
And she rode about town on her pneumatic wheel,
And she frightened most all of the jays.
She used to keep hens and she used to keep ducks,
Well she fed all her hens on cracked ice,
But when she sold the eggs at ten cents a dozen,
The hens would not lay for that price.

JOKES, CONUNDRUMS AND RIDDLES.

CHANGE THE SKYLIGHTS.

"Ikey," there is a customer in the store who wants a blue suit—change the skylights

QUICK AUCTION.

Isaac Rosenzki went to Europe last summer—he had a gold watch worth two hundred dollars; the ship commenced to sink, and he tried to sell the watch for a dollar and a half.

UNBELIEVER IN PROFIT-SHARING.

Employer—"Vot's dot? Didn't I raise your salary a vile ago?"
Office-boy—"It was more as six months ago."
Employer—"Vell, you tink I must gif you more vages efery time I make an assignment?"—THE BOOK-KEEPER.

HE WAS THE FIRST UP.

What do you think of my brudder?—Last night he had de nightmare, at six o'clock this morning he found himself in a graveyard leaning on two headstones, he opened his eyes—and he says, "this must be de day of Resurrection, and I am the first one up."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

It was on the St. Louis limited the conductor came through the train in his usual magnificence and demanded the tickets of the passengers. A "Knight of the Grip," with more than pronounced Hebraistic features, handed him a mileage ticket (scalpers).

The conductor looked at it, read the signature, and said: "Look here, your name ain't McGinnis!"

"Yes, it is, replied the Hebrew.

"How do you make that out. You look like a Jew?"

"Keep it quiet, mein, friendt, my mudder vas a widow, and she married an Irishman."

IKEY FORGOT IT.

Ikey Isaacson (reciting)—In der bright lexicon of youth there's no such vord as fail.
Isaacson (pere)—Vat is dot you say? Vere vould there be any profit in business if there vas no failure. Ikey, forget it. You pain your fodder mit such wicked vords.

IT DIDN'T WORK.

"Vat's de matter, Isaac?"

"Don't mention it, Ezra, I'm a dinkey-dink. Dat's vat I am."

"Vell, vat's you cryin' about?"

"I insured my brick-yard for five thousand dollars, and not a dam brick burned, and it cost me four dollars and a halluf for kerosene to make it a sure thing."

EXPENSE.

Goldstein—"Vat for, Ikey, you make all does flourishes?"

Ikey—"De writing teacher told me to."

Goldstein—"Dot writing teacher was a fool. Don't you know dat ink costs money? You stop does flourishes."—TRUTH.

A NATURAL MISTAKE.

A gentleman, sitting in a cafe, saw a Hebrew acquaintance sitting at a far off table, and, to attract his attention, called him by name, "Einstein!"

A frantic rush was made by all the waiters in the cafe, prepared to fill what they supposed was an order for beer.

THAT WASN'T IT.

"My grandfather hasn't had his hair cut for ten years," remarked Twynn.

"Bald, I suppose," replied Triplett, with the air of one who is not to be caught so easily.

"No; dead."—JUDGE.

A SENSIBLE HUSBAND.

Levi—Rebecca, before you start for Europe ve vill put your chewelry dot safe deposit vault in.

Rebecca—But I want to wear my chewelry dot steamer on.

Levi—Humbug! Suppose you gets drowned and your body was not recovered.

SCIENCE TO THE RESCUE.

Goldfogle—"Abe, vot do you tink ohf dot new discovery?"

Abe Hockmeyer—"A new discovery! Ask me again. Vat is id?"

Goldfogle—"Smokeless kerosene oil."

Abe Hockmeyer—"Sufferin' R-rebecca! Vat a blessing for our people."—JUDGE.

LAVISHNESS AT HOCKSTEIN'S.

Mrs. Hockstein—It vos Able's birt'day, Aaron. Vat ve gif him?
Mr. Hockstein—Wash ohf a vindowpane, un led him loogk oud und see der boss-cars go py.

When does a man weigh the most? When he's the heaviest.

Where does all the snuff go to? No one nose.

Why is B like a fire? Because it makes oil boil.

What was the first scene at the Chicago fire? Kerosene.

Where did you go on your twelfth birthday? Into your 13th year.

When has a man four hands? When he doubles his fists.

Why is a turnpike like a dead dogs tails? Because it stops a waggin'

Why was Eve made? For Adam's express company.

Why are apples like printers' types? Because they are often in pi(e)

On what day of the year do women talk least? On the shortest day.

When is a bonnet not a bonnet? When it becomes a pretty woman.

Why is a good husband like dough? Because a woman needs him.

What did Queen Elizabeth take her pills in? In cider (inside her).

What is most like a horse's foot? A mare's foot.

What kind of a hen lays the longest? A dead hen.

What is smaller than an ants mouth? What goes in it.

What table has not a leg to stand upon? The multiplication table.

Why is the letter A like 12 o'clock? Because it's the middle of day.

What part of a fish weighs the most? The scales.

What should a clergyman preach about? About half an hour.

Where did Noah strike the first nail in the ark? On its head.

How many sides has a pitcher? Two, inside and outside.

Why is the letter K like a pig's tail? Because it's at the end of pork.

Why do we buy clothes? Because we cannot get them for nothing.

Why is a miner like a boatman? Because he handles the ore (oar).

Why is a man who runs in debt like a clock? He goes on tick.

Why is a slanderer like a bug? He is a back-biter.

Why is a drawn tooth like a thing forgot? It is out of the head.

Why is a handsome woman like bread? She is often toasted.

Why must a fisherman be very wealthy? Because his is all net profit.

Why is your eye like a man being flogged? It is under the lash.

What is black, white, and re(a)d all over? A newspaper.

Why is a defeated army like wool? Because it's worsted.

When is a baby not a baby? When it's a little bare.

Why do little birds in their nests agree? For fear of falling out.

Why is grass like a mouse? Because the cattle eat it (cat'll eat it)

When is a girl like a mirror? When she's a good-looking (glass).

When are volunteers not soldiers? When they are mustered.

Why is a jailor like a musician? He fingers the keys.

Why is an unbound book like a lady in bed? It is in sheets.

What does a stone become in water? Wet.

Why is a man who never makes a wager as bad as a gambler? Because he's no better.

Why is a person reading these conundrums like a man condemned to undergo a military execution? Because he is pretty sure to be riddled to death.

Why are riddles which cannot be answered like a man disappointed by his visitors? Because there is a host put out and not one guest (guessed).

Why is a dog's tail like the heart of a tree? Because it is farthest from the bark.

Why is a washerwoman like Saturday? Because she brings in the clothes (close) of the week.

Why does the sun rise in the east? Because the (y)east makes every thing rise.

Why is there no such thing as a whole day? Because every day begins by breaking.

When did Moses sleep five in a bed? When he slept with his fore fathers.

A man bought two fishes; when he got home, found he had three. He had two—and one smelt.

What question is that to which you must answer yes? What does y-e-s spell.

If you go for ten cents worth of sharp, long, tin tacks, what do want them for? For ten cents.

When a boy falls into the water, what is the first thing he does? He gets wet.

If a bear went into a dry goods store, what would he want? Muzzlin (muslin).

Why is Ireland the richest of countries? Because her capitol is always Dublin.

When the clock strikes thirteen, what time is it? Time for the clock to be fixed.

Why does a chicken cross over the street in the mud? To get on the other side.

What is that word of five letters of which when you take away two only one remains? Stone.

How many sticks go to the building of a crow's nest? None; they are all carried.

Which is the heaviest, a pound of feathers or a pound of lead? No difference.

If a man met a crying pig, what animal would he call him? Pork, you pine.

Why does opening a letter resemble a strange way of entering a room? Because it is breaking through the sealing.

Why is the letter S like a furnace in a battery? Because it makes hot shot.

What is that which is often brought to table, cut, but never eaten? A pack of cards.

Why is a cat on her hind legs like a waterfall? She is a cat-erect (cataract).

What sort of a day would be good for running for a cup? A muggy day.

JOLLY JOKES FOR FUNNY FOLKS.

WOULD RATHER DIE.

A Hebrew falls into the river and is swimming ashore, when an Irishman shouts at him, "don't you know there is a \$50 fine for swimming here?" The Hebrew says, "I vont pay it," puts up his hands and sinks.

ONLY THE ELEVENTH.

Minister (writing a certificate at a christening, and trying to recall the date)—"Let me see, this is the thirtieth."
Indignant Mother—"The thirtieth! Indade an' it's only the elivinth."

AN IRISH RESOLUTION.

The following is a resolution of an Irish corporation: "That a new jail should be built, that this be done out of the material of the old one, and the old jail to be used until the new one be completed."

HE DIDN'T KNOW.

A tramp rang a doctor's doorbell, and asked the pretty woman who opened the door if she would be so kind as to ask the doctor if he had a pair of old trousers he would kindly give away. "I'm the doctor said, the smiling young woman, and the tramp nearly fainted.

HE ASKED FOR THEIR EARS.

Some one threw a head of cabbage at an Irish orator while he was making a speech once. He paused a second, and said: "Gentlemen, I only ask for your ears, I don't care for your heads." He was not bothered any more during the remainder of his speech.

FLY IN THE SOUP.

Mr. Rosenski took his boy in a restaurant last week to get a bowl of soup. Jakey commenced to eat, and he grabbed his father by the coat and he says, "Papa, there's a fly in der soup." Papa says, "Eat der soup and wait till you come down to der fly, tell de waiter and he'll give you another bowl for nothing."

I WAS OUT.

The judge asked an Irish policeman named O'Connell, "When did you last see your sister?" The policeman replied: "The last time I saw her, Judge, was about eight months ago, when she called at my home, and I was out." "Then you did not see her on that occasion?" "No, Judge; I wasn't there."

THE REASON WHY.

Two Hebrews went to a Mills Hotel and were obliged to take a bath before retiring.
Upon beholding each other, one shouted in surprise, "Oh, Abey, how dirty you are!"
"Vell, what you tink?" said Abey, "I'm three years older dan you."

TURTLE IN A BOX.

An Irishman, fresh from the old country, saw a turtle for the first time, and at once made up his mind to capture it. The turtle caught him by the finger, and he, holding it out at arm's length, said: "Faith, and ye had better let loose the howldt ye have, or I'll kick ye out of the very box ye sit in, be jabers."

FREEZING THE BEAST.

An Irishman, having gone out in his night-gown on a bitter cold night to stop the howling of a dog, was found by his wife, almost paralyzed with cold, holding the struggling dog by the tail. "Howley Mother, Pat," says she, "what would ye be after doin'?"
"Hush," said Pat, "don't ye see Oi'm tryin' to fraze the-baste?"

BULL IN A WELL.

Pat, who is being lowered into a well; "Stoph, will ye, Murphy? Oi want to coom up agin."
Murphy, still letting him down, "Phat for?"
Pat, "Oi'll show ye. Af ye don't stoph lettin' me doon, Oi'll cut the rope."

COMMERCIAL ITEM.

Mose Schaumburg (to his son Jakey)—"How many was twice two, Jakey?"
Jakey—"Tervice two ish six."
"You are wrong, Jakey. Six was too nooch."
"Don't I know dot, fadder, already some times ago. But I shoost said six so dot you could Chew me down to four."

IRISH HOSTLER.

An Irish hostler was sent to the stable to bring forth a traveler's horse. Not knowing which of the two strange horses in the stalls belonged to the traveler, and wishing to avoid the appearance of ignorance in his business, he saddled both animals and brought them to the door. The traveler pointed out his own horse, saying, "That's my nag."
"Certainly, yer honor; I know that, but I didn't know which one of hem was the other gentleman's."

How to gain a high position—Ascend a mountain.

A stock company has been formed to control the boot and shoe trade. Here, at last, is a corporation which will have a sole.

Bond—"Why do you call your wife an old hen?" Gallon—"Because she always cackles when she lays for me."

"What a gushing girl Miss Cubeb is." "Yes; she comes from the Pennsylvania oil country, you know."

How fortunate for us that the Indian, when he disappeared from New England, forgot to take his summer with him.

There are so many teachers of music, one would think music ought to be quite well informed now.

Reading maketh a man full—that is, it fills his mind with words that he does not know how to pronounce.

North Side Mother—"Oscar, why can't you be a good boy?" Wayward Four-year-old—"Mamma, it makes me so tired."

A poet writes: "I reach and reach, but cannot grasp." He probably wrote it after the editor had fired him out.

If you wish to listen to an interesting agricultural address, engage a man to deliver it who never even planted his foot on a farm.

Minister—"Have you ever cast your bread upon the waters?" Mrs. S. (proudly) "Never, since my first batch."

Some one has written a poem on "The Tongue of Liberty." The tongue of liberty generally belongs to a married woman.

Man proposes and woman diagnoses. More particularly so if it's a plate of vanilla ice cream.

"That dark-haired lover of yours is badly sun-burned." "Yes; I call him now my little black and tan."

A teakettle can sing when it is merely filled with water. But man, proud man, is no teakettle.

A young lady in Philadelphia is said to have had five lovers, all named Samuel. Her photograph album must be a book of Sams.

A young woman who married a one-legged man says it doesn't take much to make her husband hopping mad.

An anti-chap toilet cream is advertised. It will never become popular. The girls are too fond of the chaps.

It is a trifle difficult just now to tell whether it is whiskey or influenza that has the grip on the red-nosed individual.

When the Carpet Manufacturers Trust gets started, the American housekeeper will indeed be floored.

A large "robin roost" is reported in Indiana. The largest robbin' roost on this continent is in Canada.

The man who got in a barber's chair, pinned the newspaper round his neck, and began to read the towel, may be called absent-minded.

The sen-sick lady refused the steward's invitation for dinner, and called the chambermaid instead. A case of basin gratitude.

Furriers now pay \$1.25 for skunks skins; but they get scents enough thrown in to render them very cheap.

He—"What did your father say when you told him we were engaged?" She—"Oh, you must not ask me to repeat such language."

An exchange notes that the obelisk seems to be quite at home in Central Park, New York. Why not? It is in the land of Faro.

Doctors are like cockroaches. When you once get them into the house, it is terribly difficult to get them out again.

A Boston pun: Fogg says his sister Ann will talk culture till he falls asleep. He says she is a sort of Ann aesthetic.

A boy does not always get much comfort out of his first cigar, but he gets a heap of experience.

The slats on the shutter of our office-window are in a dilapidated condition. "Please help the blind."

The Philadelphia Chronic-Herald says that Job must have been of a very happy disposition. He fairly boiled over with humor.

A man who had a bad cold said he had just set up a rig of his own. It was a little hoarse and a hack.

We are told that "Gen. Sherman was always coolest when on the point of attack." Most people are hottest when on the point of a tack.

Patti, it seems, refuses to re-enter society. Oh, why will you shut yourself up and be an oyster-Patti.

"Now lay in your coal," says an exchange. The man who would proffer such advice must be a fool.

Be sure that it's a slipper you fling after the departing bride, for it seems a little too harsh at such a time to cast-a-gaiter.

We see a great deal about "spelling reform" in our exchanges. We don't think "reform" is very hard to spell.

"How to get the best of mosquitoes," says an exchange. But who wants mosquitoes of any quality?

The first impulse of the young married man, on being presented with his first baby, is to give it a weigh.

Probably the happiest combination in all this wide world, during these merry winter days, is half a mince pie with a boy around it.

An exchange has found out when Adam was married; of course it was on his wedding Eve; most everybody knew it before.

An exchange asks: "What is the hottest place in the United States?" We reply, without the slightest hesitation, a hornet's nest.

They are making the new styles of collars so high that before long young men will have to stand on tiptoe to see anything at all.

Father—"What is your favorite hymn, Clara, my darling?" Clara—"The one you chased away over the fence last night, dear pa."

"Good gracious," said the hen when she discovered a porcelain egg on the nest. "I shall be a bricklayer next."

It is a Maine husband who has dubbed his wife "Crystal," because she is always "on the watch."

A cook in Brooklyn died the other day worth \$200,000, and the papers say she left no heirs. Have they looked in the butter?

"There's another cracked pitcher," as the policeman said when he brought down his club upon the baseball man.

Lillian Spencer, the actress, has written a novel called "After All." Insatiate female! Wouldn't three or four suffice?

In Court—"What pretext did your husband have for beating you?" "It wasn't a pretext, your honor; it was a club."

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

Parody—Written and Sung by Harry S. Sargent.

Lift me up cop and I'll tell you why I am full to-night;
Once I was happy's a man in jail, now I know I'm a sight;
With a club that cop caressed him, and left him to croak or die,
When a big burglar stole his load, and down the street went with a fly.

CHORUS.

Think of the spider, a burglar bold, and the fly he took that day,
Think of the load that he carried off, and not a cent to pay;
'Tis better to lose than keep a load, if you can't walk when you try,
You're sure to get floored, with too much aboard, like the spider and the fly.

Papa bought Willie a present, it was a toy balloon;
Willie said: "Pa, I'll now have a fly, way up there to the moon;"
Willie's papa tried to stop him, while the wind blew the face off from ma,
Willie blew up with the next gust, and now that blow's almost killed pa.

CHORUS.

Think of the spider, a balloon red, and the fly that went with it;
Think of it sending him to the clouds, some day to come back, "Nit."
Think of the time that they threw away, raising that kid up to die,
But they soon will have one, for the kid that was done, by the spider and the fly.

Just Because She Made Them Goo-Goo Eyes

Parody—Written and Sung by Harry S. Sargent.

A rube dressed in his Sunday clothes regardless of expense,
Blew into a poker joint, because he hadn't any sense;
But lit out quick, down on his luck.
A damsel flagged him on the run, and said, "come play with me;
He says, "though I've been buncoed, still, by gosh, your hand I'll see,
What have you got? gee whiz, I'm stuck."

CHORUS.

Just because she made dem goo-goo eyes, she did up quick a chap about
Now I wish I had that roll, and the watch and chain she stole, [my size;
Just because she made dem goo-goo eyes.

My uncle died in Europe, and left me all his cash,
But how to get it over here, so I could cut a dash,
Has troubled me, drove me to drink.
I went to see a lawyer, and I stated him my case,
He said, "My boy, you're a bug house, you're completely off your base;
Just think it over, but I don't think."

CHORUS.

Just because I made dem goo-goo eyes, that lawyer chap thought I was
But never mind, I guess, I'll think it over by express, [telling lies;
Just because I made dem goo-goo eyes.

I Can't Tell Why I Love You, But I Do

Parody—Written and Sung by Harry S. Sargent.

Of a damsel fair, with someone's hair, a chestnut tale is told: [cold,
Pearly teeth, you bet, 4 dollars a set, and a face that would make you
And a winsome lad, no brains he had, yet he tried to shake her dead.
But she said she had stuff, and a house on the bluff, when the lad
changed his face and he said:

CHORUS.

I can't tell why I love you, but I do, I do,
I don't care for your money, it is you, yes you;
So let me go and burn it, if I wed you I will earn it,
I can't tell why I love you, but I do, I do.

They were wed one day, when the lad did say: "Come give me the house
you own."
When she took him aside, a quart of tears cried; a-trying to drown his
groan;
The lad saw the trick, and said to her quick, you've just been a-giving
me stuff.
When the maiden replied, now you can't say I've lied, for I certainly
gave you the bluff.

CHORUS.

He's sorry now he loved her, yes he is, he is;
She bluffed him very nicely for she knew her biz;
Of course 'twas pretty tough, to lose the house and get the bluff,
He's sorry now he loved her, yes he is, he is.

STORIES THAT MOTHER TOLD ME

Parody—Written and Sung by Harry S. Sargent.

I'm drinking to-day, and my thoughts far away,
To the cider mill down in the valley,
The old village school, where they made me a fool,
And the tom cats I chased in the alley;
My ma I can see, with a stick to club me,
For when I was good she would scold me,
And scare me to death, every time she drew breath,
With the stories in childhood she told me.

CHORUS.

Stories of goblins and witches, giants and bogie men,
The boy who went fishing on Sunday, and never came back again,
Stories of robbing the birds nests, the poor kid who fell from the tree,
Have all proven since to be nightmares, the stories that mother told me.

I'm now bent and broke, everything is in soak,
In reviewing the past I feel gloomy,
And tears I heve shed, at what dear mother said:
"To do every one or they'd do me."
I now wish I had, and I'm feeling quite sad,
I wish she were now here to scold me;
They did me up nice, for I took no advice,
From the stories in childhood she told me.

CHORUS.

Stories of bunco and green goods, poker and faro too,
The flim flams they work on the reubens, the tricks of the fakers so true;
Lessons I got in my childhood, long since forgotten you see,
Oh, now I wish I had remembered, the stories that mother told me.

WHEN THE HARVEST DAYS ARE OVER

Parody—Written and Sung by Harry S. Sargent.

There's a young man sad and tearful, though he once was bright and
When he thought he'd sit March fourth in Washington; [cheerful
But free silver downed poor Billy, and McKinley knocked him silly.
While Mark Hanna and the trusts they grabbed the bun.
When the harvest days are over, you can bet they'll be in clover,
For they'll reap for four years more both night and day;
When the crop is cut they'll shake it, while the voters grin and bear it
And when the jig is up you'll hear them say:

CHORUS.

Now the harvest days are over, Hanna, dear,
Off to Europe on a pleasure trip we'll steer,
With our wealth we'll play the dence, for Uncle Sam we've got no tea.
Now the harvest days are over, Hanna, dear.

There's an old man sad and weary, sick and tired of life so dreary,
He is dreaming of the wealth he never had;
He has raised up fourteen children, but now wishes he had killed 'em.
For the blooming kids have all gone to the bad.
'Tis the sad and oft told story, of the children in their glory,
While the parents, who have raised them up, go broke,
And the mother softly sighing, dropped her false teeth in her crying,
While the old man grabbed her by the hair and spoke:

CHORUS.

Now the harvest days are over, Jessie, dear,
To the poor house we will rusticate, so near;
But let me tell you hear, for once, we'll never raise another bunch.
For our harvest days are over, Jessie, dear.

EVERY RACE HAS A FLAG BUT A COON

Parody—Written and Sung by Harry S. Sargent.

The chairman of the Chicken Club got pinched the other night,
For stealing chicks before they'd time to hatch;
Next day he plead "not guilty," but the judge called him a liar,
And sent him where the chickens never scratch.
He had a fit, fell into it, the living was so high he got the gout,
He scratched a match, and tried to catch
A case of measles so he could break out;
Then he fell in a heap, and went off to sleep,
With an awful case of toothache in his jaw;
When he had such a dream, it a nightmare did seem,
And this was what that chicken lifter saw:

CHORUS.

Irishmen were mixing mortar, dagoes training their monkeys;
Chinese juggling with their washes, Germans building breweries,
Spaniards playing "Philapena," English trying to grab the moon,
How that nigger he would whoop, if he could only fly the coop;
Every race had its freedom but the coon.

Barbers all were on the lather, politicians on the fence;
Bakers they were raising buseuits, landlords, too, were raising rents
Burglars went to steal an ice house, but the house had burnt that noon,
So they built another one for the owner, just for fun;
Every race had a cinch but the coon.

Acrobats were turning over, poets were turning things to rhyme;
Waiters serving in a lunch room, convicts all a-serving time;
Gamblers looking for an angel, lovers for a place to spoon;
But that nigger never woke, just these simple words he spoke:
Every race has a chance but the coon.

Dumb men tried a hand at singing, blind men looking tried to shirk,
Chickens steered off to the hatchway, hoboes steered away from work,
Millionaires were out a-driving, carpenters drove off at noon,
Then he woke up with a leer, said, I guess I'm safer here;
Every race has a nightmare but the coon.

A BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE

Parody—Written and Sung by Harry S. Sargent.

A couple once married to get rid of work,
And when they were made man and wife;
They started housekeeping to settle down,
They wouldn't settle up on their life.
He thought she had money, he thought she had too,
They both thought so much they went broke,
Then she had him pinched for non support,
Now he thinks married life is no joke.

CHORUS.

For he's only a bird in a gilded cage, just like a queen bee in her hive,
Although he is happy to get rid of her, he's sorry to think he's alive;
'Tis sad when you think of that poor old slob, he won't marry again in
an age.
Now he wants to get bail, just to sneak out of jail, he's a bird in a
gilded cage.

A tom cat once heard a dickey bird sing,
In a cage hanging close to the wall;
He was so entranced by the music he heard,
That he gobbled the cage bird and all,
But the bird kept on singing inside of the cage,
For the pussy had gobbled him whole,
Now he sings night and day, and they think it's the tom,
For he's playing a dickey bird role.

CHORUS.

For he's only a bird in a gilded cage, though he once was a big Thomas
cat,
He longs for Maria, but can't say meow, the birdie inside queer that;
He'll never more squall or dodge boot jacks, thrown at him by folks to
a rage,
His hair all has fled, he got feathers instead, he's a bird in a gilded cage.

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tised in any Song Book, no matter by whom it is published.

PARODIES.

JUST BECAUSE SHE MADE DEM GOO-GOO EYES

Parody by Chris Lane.

A Hebrew in a clothing store was sitting in de door,
A negro man, with lots of coin, came running in de store,
He loud did cry, I want to buy a suit of clothes.
It must be blue, I want it right away.
Now Levi had no blue suits, every suit in the house was gray,
He called his boy, his pride and joy.

CHORUS.

Then on his boy he made them goo-goo eyes,
He said, we'll fool this chocolate, now be wise,
Go change the skylights, do; dot will make the gray suit blue,
Then Levi's boy he made dem goo-goo eyes.

Prize fight is a noble sport, it certainly is immense,
We all admire a master in the art of self-defence;
That's no lie, oh me, oh my.
There's George Dixon and Frank Erne and Oscar Gardner, too,
When they win a fight, they think they're right;
The first thing that they do, they let out yells, their heads it swells.

CHORUS.

At Terry McGovern they make dem goo-goo eyes,
They say they'll knock him out, and win the prize,
But this little Brooklyn lad put them out with a right-hand jab,
Just because they made dem goo-goo eyes.

I Can't Tell Why I Love You, But I Do

Parody by Chris Lane.

Away down east in South Dakota,
Where the watermelons bloom,
I met my love that I'm telling you of,
One winter's night in June;
I heard a noise, said I to some boys,
What was all that racked about,
They looked at her awhile, then they all began to smile,
That was you girl falling asleep they loud did shout.

CHORUS.

I can't tell why I love her, but I do-oo-oo,
She's a blacksmith in a candy store, that's true-oo-oo,
It caused me great surprise to see her shoeing flies,
I can't tell why I love her, but I do-oo-oo.

Bill McKinley one day to Mark Hanna did say,
I must be president once more,
My job will not quit, I know I've made a hit,
You must stand by me as in days of yore.
We can tell that fairy tale about the full dinner pail,
To catch the workingman, you know,
Said Hanna, bless your soul, I will get a fishing pole,
We'll catch the suckers like we did four years ago.

CHORUS.

Said McKinley, I love you, Hanna, 'deed I do-oo-oo,
You've stuck to me through thick and thin, that true-oo-oo,
But, said Hanna, wise old sage, your my bird in a gilded cage,
I can't tell why I love you, but I do-oo-oo.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

Parody by Chris Lane.

Last night I went in a restaurant
With an old-time friend of mine,
We ordered up two spring chickens,
Then we sat down to dine—do you mind;
They brought the chickens in on a tray,
Our hunger to relieve,
My friend did sing, those chickens were spring,
In the days of Adam and Eve—I believe.

CHORUS.

One was killed at Chic-amauga,
Years ago and miles away,
The other was raised in old Chic-ago,
And a tough bird in her day.
I said, do you call these spring chickens?
If you do, take them away;
They look to me like two stuffed eagles,
One was blue and the other gray.

A jay named Brown once came to town,
Just to see the sights, he said,
He was going to take in everything,
And paint the whole town red—on the dead;
He was warned to beware of the city girls,
But he thought 'twas all a joke,
When a girl passed by, she winked her eye,
He'd "fallen by the wayside" broke—when he awoke.

CHORUS.

Back he went to Oscaloosa,
In the state of I-o-way,
He took home a freight car full of gold bricks,
Enough to build a home for any jay;
In the land where butterflies make buttermilk,
He will mingle with the oats and hay,
And the only thing they left him was his whiskers,
And the wind blew through the gray.

Every Race Has a Flag But a Coon

Parody by Edward M. Wickes.

A Rabbi in a synagogue arose one kippur night
And said, when I was out one day last month,
I saw a bunch of hungry Jews, they were a sad, sad sight;
They got no work no matter where they'd hunt.
Sure even micks, they carried bricks,
And got two dollars each day, rain or shine,
And Dutchmen, too, they all push through,
Where'er there was a chance to make a dime;
Every dago or turk seemed to sing at his work,
And that's what makes me sigh for you;
Every man on this earth seems to get what he's worth,
I have to see what can be done for you.

CHORUS.

For Irish had their pinks and shovels, English got a job at war;
Even chinks, they washed and ironed, that's what made me feel so sore;
Niggers handed round the dinners, Swedes they dished out lager, too,
Any job that is a cinch, sure the Yankee always pinch, every man had
a job but a Jew.

He said, now I'll yet make a way to have things bright and clear,
Just get your house insured for lots of coin,
Then take a match and strike it, send it down by Abe, dear,
And have him get the house started to burn.
To make it burn, you've got to turn
A hose upon it, filled up with benzine,
To get the dough a horn you blow,
To bring the insurance man to the scene;
And be sure that you say, when they hand you your pay,
That you think you'll insure your house some more,
And if you don't get pinched, you will all have a cinch,
You ought of thought of this job long before.—CHORUS.

MY MONEY NEVER GIVES OUT

Parody by T. Martin Blakemore.

I'm a raggedy coon all the folks declare,
I live on free lunch and hot air;
I once had money and lived on top,
But that's when I was dreaming and full of hop,
All my high living was very cheap,
I did this sporting when I was asleep.
Myself was the only one I cared about:
Things was coming easy till my pipe went out.

CHORUS.

My pipe has done gone out, this sporting life ain't what they talk about;
Every day I make the free lunch route, I never drinks none of this wine,
Gimme gin most any old time, and I'll be happy,
But I'm sorry that my pipe went out.

My chief occupation is to walk the street,
In search of two bits so I can sleep and eat,
My welfare depends a great deal on my gail,
And when I ain't lucky I don't eat at all.
I retire each evening shortly after dark,
For my room just at present is in the park.
I wear a tray of diamonds on the front of my shirt,
And when I go to bank I'm busy digging dirt.

A BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE

Parody Written and Sung by Geo. B. Alexander.

One day as Ike Cohen walked down Broadway,
Which shone with a thousand lights,
He stopped in a store as he passed along,
Bought something to please his wife;
"What is it, dear Ike?" his wife then said,
As he gently untied the string,
Before he could answer or open it up,
The bundle commenced to sing.

CHORUS.


I'm only a bird in a gilded cage, a parrot as you can see,
You may think that I'm happy and free from care, I'm not, tho' I seem
to be.
'Tis sad when you think of my wasted life, the poor parrot shook with
rage.

For my beauty was sold, for Ike Cohen's gold, I'm a bird in a gilded cage,

Clo' business was going from bad to worse,
Which made poor Ike Cohen wail;
One night he set fire to his clothing store,
Next day he was put in jail.
The fireman had answered the call in haste,
And rushed in with hose in hand,
But just as they entered they heard a shriek
Which caused every hair to stand.

CHORUS.

It came from the bird in the gilded cage, and he was a sorry sight,
You can bet he's a very wise bird at that, for he told all he'd seen that
night.
Not a cent of insurance could Cohen collect, he nearly fell dead with
rage.
For his schemes all fell through, and Cohen knows they are due to the
bird in the gilded cage.

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PARODIES.

When the Harvest Days Are Over

Parody—By Edward M. Wickes.

By the fireside he's snoozing, sits an old man after boozing,
He is dreaming of a son who went away;
In his lap there lies a letter, which reads that I will be better,
But I'll take a vow I'll never mow the hay.
Dad you know I love you dearly and good rum you love sincerely,
Just give my kind regards to sweetheart, May,
For it seems I hear her crying, for my love she must be sighing,
Just tell her not to weep, I'll come some day.

CHORUS.

When the hardest work is over father, dear,
And the wood is sawed that's standing since last year,
To your farm in Hackensack—that's the time I'm coming back,
When the hardest work is over father, dear.

A Hebrew stood one morning, while the sunlight it was dawning,
In his hand he held a little parlor match,
He said I'll make me now a fire, then I'll telephone by wire,
To make the company come and toe the scratch.
But he didn't see the captain, and he never knew what happened,
Till he woke up in the court house the next day,
Of course they found him guilty, case of having to much ability,
Like a log he dropped when the judge did say:

CHORUS.

Now your harvest days are over, Abe, dear,
And we'll get you a good life job, don't you fear,
You can keep the word you said, and make fires when you're dead,
But your harvest days are over, Abe, dear.

ALWAYS

Parody—By Will D. Cobb.

Ever since I had been born I've always been hard luck;
A woman in the Journal by a cable car was struck;
She got ten thousand dollars—yesterday my darling wife
Fell down in front of a cable car—a policeman saved her life,

CHORUS.

Always, always, I have such hard luck, always,
I lay in bed so awful sick,
My lodge paid me ten dollars a week,
Always, always, I thought I'd have money always.
But hard luck came along—I got well and strong
When I might have been sick always, always.

Last Sunday night I dressed up fine, I went to see my girl,
I let her kiss me on the cheek; to me she is a pearl.
I held her hand in mine, she wears such lovely diamond rings;
About two o'clock in the morning to my girl I started to sing.

CHORUS.

Always, always, I could love you always;
Her father woke up and got mad right away.
He hollered: "How long are you going to stay?"
Always, always, when I came in that day
I came in just one way,
But I went out all ways, all ways.

A PICTURE NO ARTIST CAN PAINT

Parody—By Harry S. Sargent.

A one room oil store attic, a husband full of booze,
A wife who kept the family, she was too good to lose;
But the poor old chump he lost her, an' hasn't found her yet;
He slapped her face one fatal day, when on him she did set;
She kicked him, clubbed him, beat him, he lifted up his beer stained face;
His name was mud from that time forth, with her was in disgrace;
His parents wait for his return, the wife still holds the fort;
He'll soon be back with mother for the old folks to support.

CHORUS.

Picture a home where the grub is "nit,"
Picture a hobo whose face don't fit;
Picture the wife when she banged his jaw,
Picture the wood he will never saw;
Picture this chromo where slumbers lurk,
Picture the labor he's sure to shirk,
A cabinet photo of him at work,
Is a picture no artist can paint.

A fight is now in progress between two old time foes;
The Boers and British Lion are in it to their nose;
The Lion started growling, the Boers they grunted back,
And grabbed hold of the Lion's tail, and pulled in all the slack;
Now England thinks she's mighty and claims to rule the seas,
But on land she's kept a-guessing, for the Boers have made her sneeze;
And if she blows her nose off in the scrap 'twill be as well,
We'll hear less blowing from this on and build that big canal.

CHORUS.

Picture old Kruger a-smoking his pipe,
Picture the English a-trying to swipe
Any old thing that comes their way;
Now it looks though they're had their day.
Picture the treaty they're howling about,
Clayton and Bulver we soon will rout;
The Isthmus canal that we can't do without,
Is a picture no artist can paint.

WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT LOVE?

Parody—By Edward M. Wickes.

One night alone in a doorway, no latch to let him in,
Stood a man after carousing, got drunk on bad rum and gin,
His wife came down to the doorstep, took a dutch fit and sighed,
My love's your own, why do you roam, he took a drink and replied:

CHORUS.

What is home without lager, that is brewed by the brewers uptown;
What is home without whiskey, to treat friends when they come around;
What is home without wifey, who will soak you and then call you dear;
You may have your pink teas and parties, but what is a home without beer.

The next scene that came was the court-room, hubby was pulled up on
deck,
She said he won't work, and drinks, sir, he lies when he says he's hen-
pecked,
The jury was made up of hobos, the word work made them turn red,
They said, listen here, we love good beer, he can go free cause he said:

STRIKE UP THE BAND

Parody—By Edward M. Wickes.

Jack was the swell of the neighborhood,
He used to go with a girl named Wood,
In the parlor they would spoon,
One night he arrived to soon,
And for a while then things did hum,
The old man put Jack on the bum,
Through the front door he did fly
As he heard his sweetheart cry:

CHORUS.

Strike out your feet, don't stand there talking,
His number ten will keep you walking,
Next time you come treat him to rum,
You're a cinch, your in a pinch you lobster.

I and my Rachel we worked uptown,
We have a boss by the name of Brown;
On a strike we went one day,
We said we would like some more pay,
He went and called in ten Irish cops,
Then blowed them off to some German hops,
The captain sent us out some pork,
Then I got so mad I couldn't talk.

CHORUS.

I struck a cop, the cop struck my Rachel,
She struck the ground, I got witch hazel,
We had no show, ten in a row,
They had a cinch, we got pinched for striking.

Every Race Has a Flag But a Coon

Parody—By Chris Lane.

A member of the Hebrew Club got up at the last meeting night,
I want to spoke a little speech he said;
It makes me overpleased to see the house so stuffed.
Hurrah for me the blue, the white and red,
Last parade day the bands did play,
And lots of people marching the streets through,
All kinds of flags and lots of jags,
Singing, "I would leave my happy home for you."
Every race and every nation had a flag or imitation,
It made my poor old heart go pit-te-pat
For a national air or two. I want a flag for every Jew,
Let the band play "Where did you get that hat?"

CHORUS.

Ireland for her potatoes, New Jersey for her fleas,
Chinese have their Chinese laundries, Germany limburger cheese.
The nigger man he loves his policy, and crap shooting too,
No flag, no country, nothing but money, every race has a flag but a Jew.

Said he'd got an idea 'bout a flag what will take the cake;
Just take a big pawn ticket, that's not all,
We will paint a suit of clothes on it and underneath these words:]
"It fits you like the paper on the wall."
Forget it not sir—we'll put a Maizar
And a picture of our trade mark, the three balls;
A little higher we'll paint a fire
That could not be put out by Niagara Falls.
If a Jew is ever sent to Washington as president,
Now wouldn't it be a little Hebrew joke
To pull down the American flag, put the Jew one up instead,
Then the whole darn country would be in soak,

CHORUS.

Ireland has her potatoes, New Jersey for her fleas,
China has her firecrackers, Germany limburger cheese,
The nigger man he loves his policy, and crap shooting too,
No flag, no country, nothing but money, every race has a flag but the Jew

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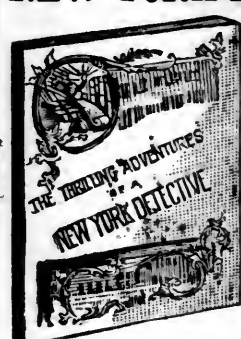


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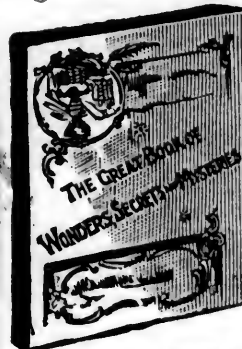


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monkeys, rats, mice, frogs, toads, snakes and birds of
every kind. With this book as a guide you may teach
any animal you own to perform all these remarkable
tricks and feats of intelligence, and the ease with which
it may be accomplished will surprise you. It is a book
of 64 large, double-column pages, handsomely illus-
trated, bound in attractive paper covers, and will be
sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of only Ten Cents.

GUIDE TO THE
Yukon Klondike Mines


this it contains a map of the gold fields and surrounding territory, tables of distances between important points, cost of reaching these points, cost of living, a statement of the laws and miners' mining regulations of both Canada and Alaska, together with a complete history of the Klondike, its wealth and resources. It is an exceedingly valuable book, and we commend it to all interested in this wonderful country. It is a book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers, and will be sent post-paid to any address upon receipt of \$1.50. Ten Cents.

A black and white illustration of a large, ornate building, possibly a hotel or casino, with a sign that reads "The Winner Drinks Slowly" and "AND WINCE AT THE". The building has a classical architectural style with columns and a pediment. The sign is prominently displayed on the facade. The illustration is framed by a decorative border.

This book contains fifteen complete stories, descriptive of the laughable doings of the Jonesville folks, by that incomparable humorist, Josiah Allen's Wife. The titles of the fifteen stories are as follows: "The Wilder Doodle's Love Affair," "Tirzah Ann's Summer Trip," "A Pleasure Exertion," "How we Took in Summer Boarders," "The Sufferers of Nathan Spooner," "The Wilder Doodle as a Comforter," "Setsey Ekobbit: Her Poem," "Deacon Silmspey's Mournful Forebodings," "Borrowing the Magazine," "Melankton Spicer's Wife," "How the Bamberes Borrowed Josiah," "The Jonesville Serenade," "Cousin Philmy's Visit," "Setsey's Investment," and "A Nite of Trubblin'." It is safe to say that this book contains some of the best things ever written by Josiah Allen's Wife, and that is saying a great deal, for she has amused a nation of fun-lovers. The book is filled with droll wit and ridiculous situations, and is one of the best humorous books ever published. All who enjoy a good laugh should buy "The Wilder Doodle's Love Affair." It is a book of large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers, and will be sent, mainly post-paid, upon receipt of only Ten cents.

A black and white illustration of a young boy with dark hair, wearing a dark vest over a light-colored shirt. He is sitting at a desk, focused on building a model ship. The ship has a single mast and a large sail. Various tools and materials are scattered on the desk around him.

chine, a Galvanic Battery, an Electric Telegraph, an Electrotyping Apparatus, a Telephone, Kaleidograph, and a Camera. Mr. J. H. R. tells you how to make Boats of every kind, from a little row-boat to a full-rigged schooner; how to make Kites, Balloons, Paper Toys, Masks, Card Packs, Wagons, Carts, Toy Houses, Bows and Arrows, Toy Guns, Slings, Silts, Fishing Tackle, Rabbit and Bird Traps, and many other things. The book is so plain and simple that any boy can easily make anything described. The whole is illustrated with more than two hundred handsome illustrations. It is a book of 64 octavo pages, neatly bound in attractive paper. Price 25 cents. Sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of 25c. in Cash.



"ASTROLOGY MADE EASY; OR, THE INFLUENCE OF THE STARS AND PLANETS UPON HUMAN LIFE," is the title of a new book, just published, designed to reach the masses through the wonders and mysteries of the great science of Astrology. The author is well versed in metaphysical occult sciences, physics, occult sciences, philosophy, theosophy, mysticism, and the wonderful truths taught by the seers, sages and Yogis of India and the Orient. The book is written in plain and simple language, which anybody may understand, and it tells how to delineate the character and the leading events of the life of persons born upon any day of the year. You have only to turn to the proper date and you will find your own horoscope, or that of any of your friends, carefully outlined according to the teachings of the great science of Astrology. It will be found helpful in many ways, not only the delineation relating to one's own sign, but those of friends. This book will prove almost an endless source of entertainment among friends and at social gatherings. It is the result of deep thinking and profound study. **ASTROLOGY MADE EASY** is a book of 64 large octavo pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers and will be sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of only **Ten Cents**.

Tales of Adventure

By an Old Hunter.

This book contains thirty-four exciting stories of adventure, and will delight all who like to read of the perils of the forest and jungle. Among its contents are:

- "My First Kangaroo Hunt," "An Adventure with Tigers," "Fight with a Wild Boar," "A Night with the Wolves," "A Lion Hunt in Africa," "Adventure with Grizzly," "Hunting Wild Cats," "The Bear Hunt," "A Crocodile Adventure," "Panther Stories," "An Alligator Hunt in Borneo," "A Hippopotamus Chase," "Tiger Hunting," "Elephant Trapping in Ceylon," "Freud by Pecaries," "Indian Buffalo Hunt," "Hunt for Tiger," "Hunt for Leopard," "Hunt for Panther," "Hunt for Wolf," "Hunt for Boar," "Hunt for Bear," "Hunt for Stag," "Hunt for Deer," "Hunt for Rabbit," "Hunt for Squirrel," "Hunt for Fox," "Hunt for Badger," "Hunt for Skunk," "Hunt for Mole," "Hunt for Weasel," "Hunt for Otter," "Hunt for Beaver," "Hunt for Muskrat," "Hunt for Raccoon," "Hunt for Possum," "Hunt for Coon," "Hunt for Chipmunk," "Hunt for Squirrel," "Hunt for Fox," "Hunt for Badger," "Hunt for Skunk," "Hunt for Mole," "Hunt for Weasel," "Hunt for Otter," "Hunt for Beaver," "Hunt for Muskrat," "Hunt for Raccoon," "Hunt for Possum," "Hunt for Coon."

Each story is full of thrilling adventures and hair-bread escapes, and is one of the best collections of hunters' and trappers' stories ever published. It is a book of 64 large double-column pages, bound in attractive colored paper covers, and will be sent by mail post-paid to any address upon receipt of Ten Cents.

A decorative label for 'SEA YARNS'. At the top left is a circular logo containing a fish. Below the logo, the words 'SEA YARNS' are written in a large, bold, serif font. Underneath that, in a smaller font, is 'MADE IN U.S.A.'. The label is framed by ornate, scroll-like borders.




By an Old Salt.
This is a splendid collection of stories of adventure on shipboard, and contains many a tale of shipwreck, privation and peril told by the old salt sailors as they gathered round the galley fire. The titles of some of these stories are as follows: "The Greek Pirate," "Jack's Fricas," "The Old Man and the Pirate," "A Remarkable Tale of the Sea," "An English Sailor's Life Among Savages," "A Mystery of the Sea," "The Story of the Wreck," "The Loss of the Lucy," "A Shark Story," "Floating a Whale," "A Yachtman's Yarn," etc. etc. All who delight in thrilling stories of adventure at sea should have this book. "SEA YARNS" is a book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive colored paper covers, and will be sent by mail post-paid to any address upon re-



The illustration shows a book cover with a decorative border. The title 'Comedies and Farces for Amateurs' is written in a stylized, cursive font. The cover is framed by ornate scrollwork and floral patterns. The book is shown at a slight angle, giving it a three-dimensional appearance.

This is a sterling collection of laughable comedies and roaring farces for amateur presentation. It contains the following: WILKINS' WEDDING, DR. DIACULTY, ADVERTISING FOR HUSBAND, LODGING TO LET, SOUT GRAPES, HIS FIRST CASE, A CRIMINAL CHARGE, MY MOTHER-IN-LAW, EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY, MY UNCLE JOHN, THE TWO THIMBLES, THE WIDOW'S MISTAKE. In all twelve excellent comedies and farces, easily presented and splendidly adapted to the needs of amateur dramatic societies. The twelve farces are published complete in one volume, which is sold at the usual price of a single play. COMEDIES AND FARCES FOR AMATEURS is a book of 64 large double-column pages, handsomely bound in attractive paper covers. It will be sent by mail post-paid on receipt of only Ten Cents.



This is an entirely new book, just published, and it contains 73 new and beautiful designs for crocheted and knitted laces and other fancy work, with 66 handsome illustrations. The book embodies all the latest ideas in needlework, and will be found invaluable by all ladies who delight in this fascinating and profitable employment. Among the designs given are those for table scarfs, dollies, sofa-cushions, tidies, fans, lace, Dakota lace, medallion lace, lace for infants' dresses, extra lace, scroll leaf lace, magnolia lace, Japanese lace, infants' hoods, edging, ring lace, daisy loop lace, and dithercher lace.

lance, pen wipers, pillow lace, cases, heart lace, maltese lace, counterpanes, pin-cushion covers, herring bone point lace. Antwerp lace, corset covers, Chesterville lace, horseshoe lace, Grecian lace, shell fan lace, new idea lace and insertion, flower-vase mat, infants' mittens, gaiters, fan lace, forget-me-not lace, etc. etc. It is a book of 64 large double column pages, bound in attractive paper covers, and will be sent by mail post paid upon receipt of only Ten Cents.

Address all orders direct to **WEHMAN BROS., 126 Park Row, New York.**

THE LADIES' MODEL Fancy Work Manual.



This is an entirely new book, just published, and embodies all the latest ideas in needlework, crochet, knitting and embroidery. It contains designs and directions for making nearly fifty different patterns of knitted laces, many charming crochet patterns, also instructions for making of wearing apparel and numerous articles for home decoration, among which are tidies, chair-seats, doilies, purses, table mats, shopping bags, lamp shades, shawls, Afghans, toilet sets, counterpanes, sofa-cushions, chair-covers, pin-cushions, dressing slippers, babies' socks, etc., etc. Full and complete instructions accompany each design, together with an explanation of the terms used in knitting and crocheting, etc. It also contains full and complete instructions in the art of embroidery, with numerous beautiful designs. The whole is illustrated by 95 handsome engravings, and the whole subject of ladies' fancy work is made so clear in this book that with it as a guide, one may become an adept in the art. It is a book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers, and will be sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of only Ten Cents.

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The Modern Hoyle.



As everybody knows, Hoyle is the authority upon all games played with cards, dominoes, etc., hence the time-honored expression, "according to Hoyle." This book contains the latest official rules for playing Whist, Euchre, Chess, Cribbage, Dominoes, Poker, Draughts, Backgammon, Napoleon Solo Whist, Ecarts, etc., and is illustrated with numerous diagrams. No matter how skilled one may be in these games, disputes and questions regarding particular points are constantly arising, which may be settled at once by reference to this book, hence the advantage of having a competent authority always at hand. It is published in a neat and attractive volume of 64 large double-column pages, bound in handsome paper covers, and will be sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of only Ten Cents. No other edition of "Hoyle" can be bought for less than 15 cents.

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The Ladies' Guide to Beauty



This book was written by one of the most celebrated court beauties, and fully explains the secrets employed by the famous beauties of all ages of securing and preserving the charms of the face and person. It contains minute and practical instructions, accompanied by many valuable recipes, for securing a handsome form, a clear and smooth skin, a beautiful face, a charming complexion, a well-developed bust, beautiful eyes, mouth, lips, hands, feet and ankles, a charming voice; it tells how to enhance the natural charms by dress, ornament and deportment; how to secure a beautiful head of hair, to prevent the hair from coming out, to prevent it from turning gray, to soften and beautify and to remove superfluous hair, to remove pimples, freckles, fleshworms, tan, wrinkles, etc., etc. For one-tenth of the cost of a single bottle of one of the popular cosmetics of the day a lady may buy this book, and not only learn how to put up herself at the most for the best of harmless beautifiers for the complexion, but at the same time acquire almost every known secret of beauty. It is a book of 64 large, double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive colored paper covers, and will be sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of only Ten Cents.

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The Family Doctor Book.



This valuable book should find a place in every American home. It will save its small cost a hundred times over every year in doctors' bills. It contains plain and simple directions for the treatment of every known disease or ailment of the human frame, and suggests simple home-remedies which will usually effect a cure without the necessity of employing a physician. The various topics are alphabetically arranged, so that any particular complaint may be referred to in a moment. Appended to the work proper is a valuable treatise entitled "Advice to Mothers," which will be found of the utmost value and usefulness to every mother, young or old. It could be a wise thing if the head of every household could buy a copy of this book. It costs but a trifle, and the value of the information it contains can hardly be measured by dollars and cents. It will tell you how to cure every ailment you have now or are ever likely to have, and you will be surprised to see how readily our common ills yield to the simple remedies given. It is a book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers, and it will be sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of only Ten Cents.

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SNAP SHOTS.



This new humorous book, just published, contains some of the best and most laughable anecdotes, stories and jokes ever written by Bill Nye, Max Adeler, Mark Twain, Josh Billings, Eli Perkins and many other well-known and popular humorous writers. It is a book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers, and contains 25 large illustrations, which are quite as funny as the text. Altogether it is one of the best compilations of modern wit and humor by our most popular comic writers ever published. The following are the titles of some of the sketches the book contains: "How Ann Callaghan's Toothache was Healed," "Jones's Baby," "Parson Jilkinson's Cow," "A Man with a Laver," "Punkin Pie," "Mrs. Cuttle's Surprise Party," "Bill Nye as an Agriculturist," "A Lively Train Load," "The Busby Crane," "She Popped," "Uncle Josiah and His City Nephew," etc., etc. "Snap Shots" will be sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of only Ten Cents.

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HOME AMUSEMENTS.



This book contains a splendid collection of games, puzzles and other diversions for social gatherings, public and private entertainments, and evenings at home. It is just the thing for evening parties and the family circle, and will provide a rich fund of enjoyment for every time and occasion. It contains an immense number of Parlor Games and Forfeits, including all the favorites, new and old; a large collection of illustrated Rebuses, Puzzles, Enigmas, Charades and Conundrums, with their answers; a copious selection of wonderful and amusing Tricks, Diversions, Pastimes and Experiments, the performance of which will serve to astonish and amuse all your friends; a valuable collection of Tableaux Vivants and Shadow Pantomimes, with full instructions for producing the same, and a considerable number of Acting Charades and Proverbs. A copy of this valuable book should have a place in every home, as it will provide amusement and recreation for every member of the family every day in the year. It is a book of 64 large, double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers, and will be sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of only Ten Cents.

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FAMOUS DIALECT RECITATIONS.



This book contains a large and careful selection of the most popular recitations in the Yankee, Negro, German, Irish and other dialects, as recited by the leading elocutionists of the day. The contents embrace humorous, dramatic and pathetic selections, both in prose and verse, some of which are the following: "The Spelling Bee at Angels," "Caleb's Courtship," "Denver Jim," "The Foreclosure of the Mortgage," "The Barber's Tale," "The Huskiness," "Grandpa's Courtship," "The Cowboy's Christmas Ball," "Teamster Jim," "Mike's Confession," "The Surprise Party in Dutchtown," "Old Daddy Turner," "Faddy's Courtship," "Sambo's Dilemma," "Davy and Gollard," "The Darkey Boot-black," "Little John's Christmas," "Joe's Wife," "Uncle Anderson on Prosperity," "The Irishman's Panorama," "Biddy's Troubles," etc., etc. The contents of the book have been selected with great care, the aim being to include only the best, hence it contains the cream of fifty of the ordinary recitation books, and is without doubt the best collection of dialect recitations and readings ever published. A book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers, and it will be sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of only Ten Cents.

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Popular Plays and Farces. FOR Amateur Theatricals.



This book should be possessed by every member of an amateur dramatic society. It contains complete and unbridled, those sterling and always popular comedies and farces, "Turn Him Out," "Box and Cox," "Popping the Question," "That Rascal Pat," "A Kiss in the Dark," "A Regular Fix," "My Turn Next" and "The Loan of a Lover" - in all eight complete plays, all of which are published in a single volume, which is sold at the usual price of one play only. It is an exaggeration to say, therefore, that this is the cheapest book of plays and farces ever published.

The plays are of the most laughable character, and so well known and universally popular as to need no further commendation. It is a book of 64 large double-column pages, bound in attractive paper covers, and will be sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of only Ten Cents.

THE PRACTICAL Guide to Floriculture.



This book was written by E. B. KILFORD, one of the leading authorities upon all matters pertaining to floriculture, and is a complete practical guide to the culture of flowers and plants. Every lady who loves flowers should possess a copy of it. Among its contents are chapters on "How to Have a Good Flower Garden," "The Best Annuals," "Carpet Bedding," "Summer Blooming Bulbs," "Herbaceous Plants," "Shrubs," "The Culture of Out-door Bulbs," "Flowers for Cutting," "Vines," "The Propagation of Plants," "Soil for House-Plants," "Potting, Etc.," "Plant Enemies," "The Care of House-Plants," "Bulbs for Winter Blooming," Etc., Etc. This book will tell you why your plants do not do well, and what should be done to make them thrive. Its small cost will be repaid a thousand fold in a single season. It is beautifully illustrated, is a book of 64 large, double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers, and will be sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of only Ten Cents.

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The Art of Letter Writing



To be able to write an easy and graceful letter is a great art. All do not possess it. Yet it may be cultivated by almost any one with a little study, and such an art is well worthy of cultivation, for the impression produced by a well-worded and properly constructed letter is the direct reverse of that made by one clumsily and improperly expressed. Many a young man, at a critical period in his life, has had his prospects completely ruined by his inability to properly express himself by letter. And the same as to young women. Fine manhood, though desirable, is as important as proper construction and expression.

"The Art of Letter Writing" is a new book, just published, and will be found an efficient aid to the proper construction of letters upon all subjects and for all occasions. It is adapted to the requirements of both ladies and gentlemen, and contains numerous forms of letters upon Love and Money, Business, letters between Friends and Relatives, letters of Introduction, letters of Advice, notes with Gifts, letters of Condolence, Invitations, Answers to Advertisements, etc., etc. In addition it contains a comprehensive treatise upon Etiquette and the Usages of Society, and will be found a most useful and practical book worth many times its small cost. "The Art of Letter Writing" is a book of 64 large double-column pages, bound in attractive colored paper covers, and will be sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of only Ten Cents.

Everybody's Law Book.



Litigation is a very expensive luxury; avoid it, for it doesn't pay. Thousands of lawsuits are brought because people do not understand the simple principles of law and their own and others' rights, and there are plenty of lawyers always ready to take advantage of this lack of knowledge. The object of this volume is to impart, in a simple, concise manner, the full information regarding legal matters. It is to be used as a work of reference, and in all ordinary emergencies will save employing a lawyer. It is a complete compendium of business and domestic Law, by a prominent member of the New York bar, containing concise explanations of the general laws and the laws of the several States regarding all legal matters, with forms for all classes of legal papers, specially adapted for the daily use of those who are not lawyers, with directions for their preparation. Every farmer, mechanic, manufacturer, business man, professional man, merchant, or householder will find the information contained in this book of great value, and will have occasion to refer to it nearly every day. It is the cheapest book of the kind ever published, and is twice as complete and valuable as other works for which four times the amount, or more, is asked. Everybody's Law Book is a book of 64 large octavo pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers.

close explanations of the general laws and the laws of the several States regarding all legal matters, with forms for all classes of legal papers, specially adapted for the daily use of those who are not lawyers, with directions for their preparation. Every farmer, mechanic, manufacturer, business man, professional man, merchant, or householder will find the information contained in this book of great value, and will have occasion to refer to it nearly every day. It is the cheapest book of the kind ever published, and is twice as complete and valuable as other works for which four times the amount, or more, is asked. Everybody's Law Book is a book of 64 large octavo pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers.

THE ART AND Etiquette of Courtship.



This is a new book, just published, and contains numerous hints and suggestions that will be found of the most value to persons of both sexes contemplating matrimony. The plan and scope of the work will be best understood if we quote the titles of some of the chapters, as follows: "Courtship Made Easy," "How to Know that you are Really in Love," "How to Begin a Courtship," "Courtship of a Young Girl with whom you are not Personally Acquainted," "Courtship when the Parties are Acquainted," "Courtship of a Wayward Girl," "Courtship of a Proud Young Lady," "How to Woo an Heiress," "How to Woo a Widow," "How a Lady Should Manage her Beau to Make Him Propose Marriage," "How to catch a Rich Bachelor," "General Rules to be Observed in Conducting a Courtship," "How to Pop the Question," "Love Letters," "How to Win the Favor of Ladies," "Etiquette Before and After an Engagement," "Wedding Etiquette," "Church Weddings," etc., etc. All of these subjects are treated in a manner that will be found most helpful to lovers and sweethearts, young and old. "The Art and Etiquette of Courtship" is a book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers, and will be sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of only Ten Cents.

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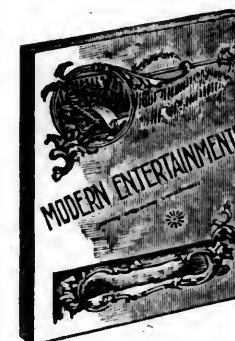
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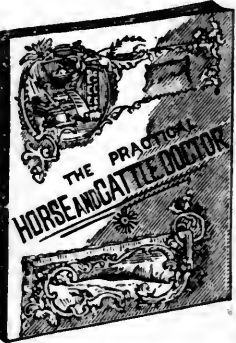
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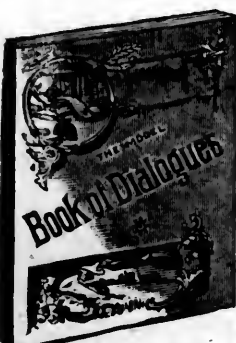
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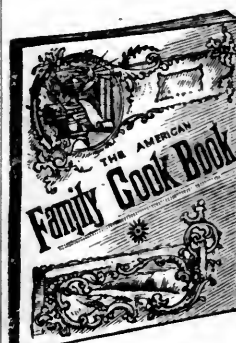
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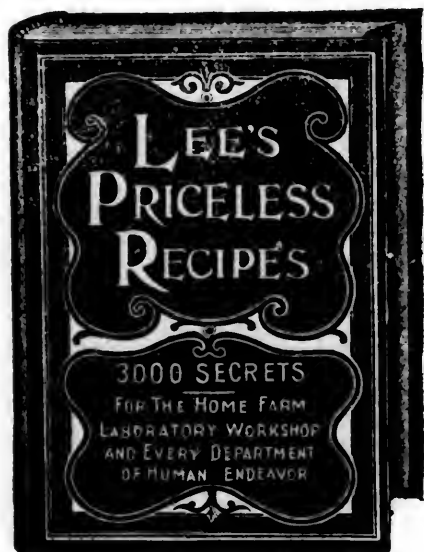
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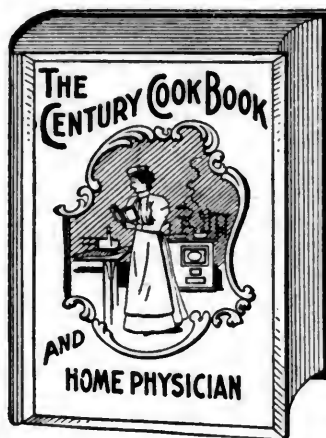
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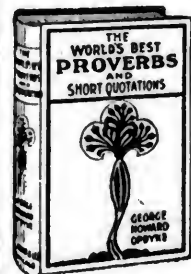
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